

CAPITAL SAVED BY OTTOMAN BRAVERY

Bulgar Plan of Advance Upset by the Stubborn Defense of Adrianople

PLAIN TRUTH ABOUT THE WAR

Uncensored Story by Frederick Palmer Tells How Allies Met Their Match When the Turks Finally Were Aroused.

By FREDERICK PALMER, Staff Correspondent of the Chicago Record-Herald in the Balkan War.

Mustapha Pasha—The minarets of Sultan Selim!

Needle-like, I have seen them rise over the indistinct mass of Adrianople from the distant hills, then as substantial columns from the nearby hills, and again so close from the shellproof of an advanced infantry position that I could make out the tilings on the dome of the great mosque itself.

The simple grace of the minarets dominated town, and landscape, and siege. Weary drivers of the weary oxen of the transport and still wearier artillerymen, bringing up additional guns through sea of mud, saw them for the first time as a token of defiance, of work unfinished, of battles yet to be fought, and of lives yet to be lost.

Infantrymen in the advanced trenches saw them as the goal against a foe which had fallen back without any adequate rear guard section, but which had begun to fight desperately under their shadows.

That Turkish garrison, as it withdrew into the shelter of its forts, seemed to find something of the spirit of old Sultan Selim the Magnificent, for whom the mosque was named, but with this difference: Sultan Selim was not given to falling back on forts and minarets. He stormed forts; he went ahead to plant new minarets in the soil of Christendom.

Rouses Old Turks' Spirit

From the first in this war the Turk took the defensive; from the first he accepted it as his part and portion of the campaign.

In Bulgaria, where many Turks still live under Christian rule, we had seen the Terrible Turk, the great fighting man of the past, whose soul was supposed to be above lowly toil, as a hewer of wood and a carrier of water. He did odd jobs in the absence of the Bulgarian at the front. The lion of the past had been trained to dog harness.

All the early victories of the Bulgarian army completed an impression of a one-time lordly race demoralized and enervated, who retained only the fatalism of "Kismet," in its lexicon.

The warrior's cry, "For Allah!" was lost forever. But at Adrianople "For Allah!" rose again to the dignity which abandoned bravery always commands.

The sheer, impetuous fearlessness of the Bulgarian, well drilled and coolly manipulated, was the first great revelation of the campaign, and the second was how, in the hour of hopelessness, his desperation aroused the old qualities of the Turk.

Every situation, every development in the war reverted to Adrianople. It was the nut to crack in the first plan of strategy of the campaign. It hovered over the first army before the Tachatalia as a nightmare. It stood in the way of the prompt supplies of bread and bullets for the first army; it delayed the signing of the armistice for ten days; it has been the main subject of contention before the London peace conference; it was responsible for the treatment of the military attaches, who saw nothing of the war, and of the correspondents—who saw little.

War Hinges on Adrianople.

Even our phlegmatic little English-speaking censor assistant at Mustapha would lose his temper at the very suggestion of any peace terms with Adrianople still in Turkish possession.

"We shall have a revolution if we don't get Adrianople," I have heard many officers say.

"We shall not go home without Adrianople," the wounded soldiers returning from the front kept repeating.

Such were the instructions which Dr. Danef, the Elihu Root of the Balkans, took with him to London. Adrianople was given on the minds of his countrymen. By diplomacy he must get a fortress which was not yet taken by force of arms.

Glance at a map and you will see that the whole success of the allies, depended on bottling up the Turk on the peninsula, so that all the other Turkish forces from Scutari to Adrianople, from Kumanova to Hassona, should be cut off from communication. The Greeks, Serbs, and Montenegrins were the backs. The Bulgarians undertook to buck the line.

Bulgaria did not have to consider a reserve army. European public opinion and the jealousies of the powers acted as efficient substitutes, for the Bulgarian military statesmanship understood that if Bulgaria were beaten on the powers would never permit Turkey to take an inch of Bulgarian soil. It was a case of "Heads I win, tails I don't lose."

The Turks knew this, too. It was

an old situation to them. Successful war meant no aggrandizement only that no more territory would be taken from them. This is enough, after some generations, to breed the defensive instinct in any soldier.

The Turk must have his back against the wall in order to fight well. His attitude is that of the mad bull against the terrier; and a very mad bull, we know, sometimes gets a horn into the terrier's anatomy and tosses him over the palings. This happened in a way at Adrianople.

"Victory is to the heaviest battalions," Bonaparte said this, but after Caesar said it after some general of Egypt, Babylon or Nineveh.

The allies knew that their success depended on speed in a fall campaign—speed and the shock of masses pouring over the frontier. There was a hundred-yard-dash chance.

The Serbs at Kumanova, their critical battle, had odds of at least four to one.

The Greeks never had less favorable odds, usually much higher.

As for the Montenegrins, who had a small show, what they did in one way or another did not matter. They had work to keep them fully occupied, as it developed in the siege of Scutari.

The only one of the allies who disdained modern organization, their failure to make any headway again emphasizes the wide difference between a body of men with rifles and an actual army.

Bulgars Bear War's Brunt.

So the Bulgarians took the great and telling work of the war on their shoulders. You have only to know the Bulgarians to understand that this was inevitable.

There is stubborn and aggressive character enough in Bulgaria to spare for all southwestern Europe.

Bulgaria made a hundred-yard dash with ox cart transportation, and made it around an obstacle—Adrianople. The main railroad line and the great Constantinople highway ran by Adrianople. It was on the direct line of communication from the center of the Bulgarian base to the center of its objective.

In the center of Thrace, it was the only real fortress on the way to Constantinople. Kirk-Kilissee, or Losen-grad, as the Bulgarians call it, despite their willingness to allow an impression of its formidability to be spread abroad, was not in any sense well fortified.

Now, the first thing was to surround Adrianople; that is, to strike at it from all sides, as the key to the position. A branch of the main Sofia-Constantinople railroad line runs to Yambol. With this as its base, Demetrieff, or the First, army swung



Nazim Pasha.

around Kirk-Kilissee, which was taken in the first splendid ardor of the campaign. With its fall anyone can see from a staff map that any battle line of defense with Adrianople as a part of it was impossible for a force of the numbers of the Turkish main army.

Two or three hundred thousand men who were homogeneous might have held on, but not half that number when badly organized. Therefore, Nazim Pasha had to fall back to a new line and leave Adrianople to care for itself.

Reveals Bulgar Courage.

The next step was the decisive battle on the line from Lule Burgas to Bannarbissar.

There, again, superiority of numbers, as well as organization, counted; that superiority, which makes a heavy turning movement possible while the enemy's front is engaged.

In short, the Bulgarians had the Turks going. They gave the Turks no rest, and they had a sufficient numerical preponderance, in addition to the dependable courage of their infantry to guarantee success.

So there was nothing wonderful about the strategy of the campaign, nothing new, nothing startling. The old principle of the swift turning movement had been applied to the situation in hand.

By the flank the Japanese kept cutting the Russians back from the Yalu to Mukden. By the flank Grant put Lee back to Richmond.

There was just one, and only one, startling feature in this war—Bulgarian courage. That enabled Demetrieff to gain at Kirk-Kilissee and Lule Burgas in a hurry what with most armies would have required much more time.

Demetrieff had willing flesh for a necessary sacrifice. He threw his infantry against frontal positions in a cloud, into shrapnel and automatic gun fire, without waiting to silence the enemy's batteries.

And after Lule Burgas the next step would have seemed the storming of Adrianople. When peace negotiations should begin, it was a vital point in their favor in the negotiations to have Adrianople in their possession.

The Bulgarian treatment of the correspondents is one of the many indications that the Bulgarian staff did at one time expect to take Adrianople by storm.

It was argued by serious correspondents who did not feel that they ought to waste their time or the money of their papers in idleness, that the Bulgarian government ought not to have received any correspondents at all. But this was not logic to the government. The press represented public opinion. It could serve a purpose, and all the college professors in the land who spoke any foreign language found their work in the common cause, no less than grandfathers found his in driving an ox cart and the women in making bread.

The plan was well thought out, and the regulations, which would fill a column, left nothing that occurred to officers or college professors out of consideration. No mention was to be made of the wounded, nor even of the weather, if it were bad, for bad weather might tell the enemy that the roads were bad.

While many an imaginary account, because it had the similitude of narrative which characterizes all convincing fiction, was hailed as real war correspondence, the Bulgarian staff, when it came to actual reports of actions (exclusive of massacres), was scrupulously exact and exasperatingly late and brief.

All praise by the press kept the ball of the prestige of victory rolling. It helped to convince the powers and the Turk that the Bulgarian army was irresistible. The stage climax of the whole campaign would be the fall of Adrianople. Therefore were the correspondents moved to Mustapha Pasha just as Lule Burgas was being won; and Constantinople, being then supposedly defended only by a demoralized army, which could not make a stand, every report from Mustapha Pasha which showed that Adrianople was on the point of capitulation added to the stage effect of Bulgarian triumph.

Turks Defy the Bulgars.

As the first Bulgarian army drew near the Tachatalia line, the scene was complete; but Nazim Pasha, making use of the elapsed time to fortify the Tachatalia line, rather than submit to the humiliating terms offered, bade the Bulgarian hosts "come on."

Success had turned the heads even of the Bulgarian staff. They had begun to think that the old fighting quality was out of the Turk, and so willing was the Bulgarian infantry to undergo slaughter that it was only a case of recording another charge of flesh against shrapnel and automatic gun fire, and the day was won.

Alas, an old principle of war, dealing with an impossibility of the same order as squaring the circle in mathematics, was now to bring generalship back from the clouds to solid earth.

You can take strong positions in front only with time by sapping and mining and all the weary operations of a siege, as the indomitable Grant learned by the failure of his first rush at Vicksburg and the indomitable Nogi learned by the failure of the first rush attack at Port Arthur.

In a week, any army that has spades and a few of the resources of material which should be part of the storehouse at its base should make such a position as that of the series of rising hills back of Tachatalia fully tenable against any but siege attack, unless there was room for a flank attack.

Turks Turn the Tables. And the breadth of the position open to infantry approach in any attempt at storming was only 16 miles, while from either sea side of the narrow strip of peninsula the Turkish navy could bring into play more powerful guns than any Demetrieff had at his disposal.

At the same time there is to be kept in view the generally accepted tenet that you must not send infantry against any well entrenched position until its batteries are silenced or it is known that they can be kept under control during the infantry attack by a well concentrated fire of your own batteries.

Demetrieff used his guns for a day in trying to develop the strength and location of the enemy's batteries. But the Turks would not be drawn. At last the tables were turned.

Meanwhile Adrianople also was telling. You may discuss as much as you please whether the original plan of the Bulgarian staff was to mask this fortress or to take it by storm, the fact remains that the only result was to mask it, and the lesson was that any garrison in the rear of an advancing army, though it is held securely in investment, remains a mighty force in being for the enemy's purpose.

Nature meant Adrianople to be a fortress. Past it on the south flows the Maritza river, taking its origin in the Balkans and plowing its way across the alluvial lowlands of Thrace to the sea. A strong bridge crosses it on the line of the Constantinople highway at Mustapha Pasha, some twenty-five miles from Adrianople.

This bridge, which is not far from the Bulgarian frontier, the Turks left intact, a characteristic piece of carelessness in the earlier part of the war in keeping with all other signs of Turkish demoralization and wrongheadedness, which might easily lead the Bulgarians to think that Adrianople would not resist a brilliant onslaught.

Mustapha Pasha became the headquarters of the second Bulgarian army, under General Ivanoff, who was to have the thankless task of the opera-

tions around Adrianople. While easy glory was to be the fortune of Demetrieff, who commanded the first army—until the first army had to take positions in front without any opportunity for flanking, which was the nature of Ivanoff's task from the start.

Ivanoff Wakes Up.

It was Papastepe and Kartaltepe which wakened Ivanoff from his dream of a final brilliant stroke in keeping with the earlier ones of the war, just as Tachatalia brought Demetrieff down from the clouds of overconfidence. Papastepe is one of many hills in the narrowing rib of the 203 Meter Hill of the siege. With guns in position there, Adrianople would be under bombardment. The Bulgarians took it by sending in the usual cloud of infantry and losing about a thousand men. But the Turks took it back again. Four times, I am told, it changed hands in the course of those night actions which we observed only by the brilliant flashes in the sky above the hills.

Far up the valley in the mist was Kartaltepe, that other important hill which commanded the river bottom of the Arda. We took Kartaltepe in November and a month afterward, in one of their splendid sorties, the Turks, so far as I could learn, had taken it back; but it was as untenable for them as Papastepe was for the Bulgarians. Possibly because it was again ours and very evidently ours permanently, the Bulgarian censors had found it worth while to confound skepticism and persistent unfriendly rumors by allowing the correspondents to enter the promised land of their dreams, where for weeks, between the batteries on the hills and the infantry in the muddy river bottom of the Arda, hell had raged in the winter rains.

We did not know then, as we were to know a few days later, that beyond Kartaltepe in the direction of Delagatch was another force isolated from the Adrianople garrison and the main Turkish army, that of Taver Pasha with 10,000 men, caught in the literal flood of that 100-yard dash of the ready, informed, prepared aggressor against the unready enemy taken unaware and hastening reinforcements to the scattered garrisons and trying to adjust itself for the blow to fall with the crash of a pile driver released from its clutch.

Discloses War Secret.

But Taver Pasha's 10,000 were still a force in being, with guns and full equipment—a force in a box; a force in desperation.

Do you see the Adrianople garrison (which was in touch by wireless with the Turkish main army) striking out to connect up with Taver Pasha? Do you see Taver Pasha trying out lines of least resistance in a savage effort to reach Adrianople or the main Turkish army?

Something to stir the blood, this, in the way of a war drama, while not a single foreign correspondent or attaché knew even of the existence of Taver Pasha's command until its surrender.

The news of this was conveyed with the official assurance that now no other Turkish force except that of Adrianople remained in Thrace, when we had been under the impression for over a month that it was the only one! The censors did not smile as they posted the bulletin, but some of the correspondents smiled—at themselves.

No after the first rainbow hope of a successful general attack was over, Ivanoff was fully occupied in holding Adrianople safely in siege. That battery of old Krupps, which fired over the advanced Serbian infantry position, while a battery of Creusots in turn fired over it, added their items of evidence to the same end.

These Krupps were taken by the Russians at Plevna in the war of 1877-78 and given to the little army of the new nation of Bulgaria. Bulgarian recruits had dragged them through the muddy roads and over the pastures and beautifully employed them, and were working them against the enemy with boyish pride. But the world was thinking only of the modern Creusots and their brilliant showing.

The Bulgarians almost proved that you can make bricks without straw. They won the war by the bravery of their self-confidence as well as by their courage.

Adrianople, which was about to starve if it did not fall, had, I am convinced, two months' supplies when the armistice was signed. With the 19 and 20-year-old conscripts already on the way to the front, with a casualty list that is easily one-fifth of the whole army, there was no sign of weakening.

The square chin of the stoical Bulgarian was as firmly set as ever. I wonder what would happen in Europe if it included in its borders a nation of 100,000,000 Bulgarians!

Botanical Expert Busy.

F. N. Myer, one of the most successful explorers of the department of agriculture at Washington, has again started for China, expecting to be away for three years, where he will conduct investigations in a remote field never before visited by an agricultural scientist. During his former travels he was especially interested in drought resisting trees and fruits. He found some trees that stand an abso-

lute arctic temperature with no rain to speak of and sent back specimens that will be tried in some of the cold and arid sections of the northwest where no trees have been grown before.

Sure.

Gabe—What is a charity ball. Steve—That's when the neighbors come in to cry with the woman whose husband has just left her.



MELISSA WOULD NOT MARRY A FAMILY.

"He's a perfect gentleman, I think," declared Mrs. Merriwid's maternal maiden Aunt Jane.

Her niece, proceeding with her soft improvisation on the piano, expressed her private concurrence in that opinion.

"And he's very sweet tempered," Aunt Jane continued.

"Surest thing you know," murmured Mrs. Merriwid, still playing. "Some sabbath, he is."

"And you can't say he isn't good looking."

"I could, but I won't, dearie," said Mrs. Merriwid, executing an arpeggio with nimble fingers. "To save time I'll admit that he's intelligent, a good citizen, a consistent Christian, a nifty dresser, and a patient piecemeal picture puzzler. He departed this house on the ninth day of November, 1912, and

"He'll never come back, he'll never come back."

No, he'll never come back any more."

Mrs. Merriwid sang this with mournful expression.

"I'd like to know why," said Aunt Jane.

Mrs. Merriwid's rich contralto was again raised in song—

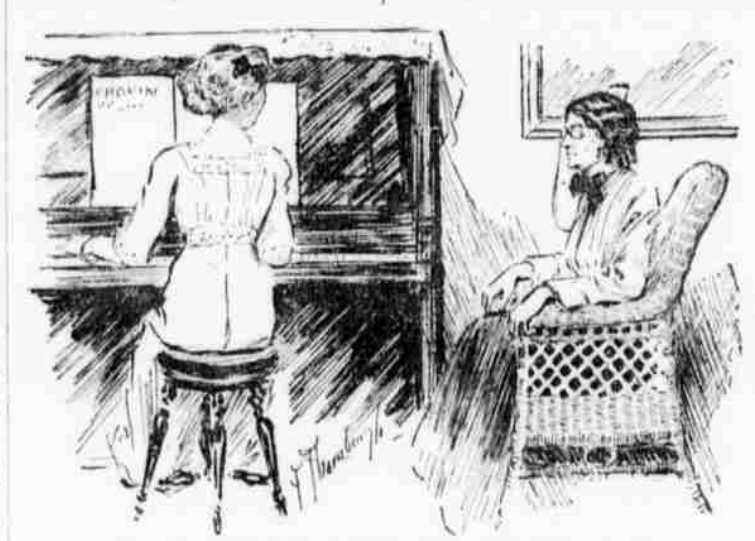
"I don't think his Uncle John. Ever had a collar on."

"I wonder if you'll ever learn to be sensible," sighed Aunt Jane.

Mrs. Merriwid whirled around on the piano stool and faced her relative. "Darlingest aunt," she said, "I am not the frivolous, unthinking creature you deem me. Beneath this apparent kidding there lies a deep and serious appreciation of Mr. Bludthick's merit—but I am also wise to Uncle John. Uncle's deficiency in the matter of linen gives me what is commonly known as the willies."

"I never—"

"Don't say that you never heard that Mr. Bludthick had an Uncle John, dearie," interrupted Mrs. Merriwid.



Mrs. Merriwid's Rich Contralto Was Again Raised in Song.

"I haven't either, but I do know that he has a mother and two sisters and several cousins because I have met mother and a sample sister and cousin. Mr. Bludthick isn't to blame for having them, of course, and the fact that he is proud of them does credit to his heart, even if it argues a certain osseous solidity of the oranium, as Dr. Illasy would put it. In other words, I might love him madly enough to forgive the circumstances, but not its open avowal. Do you get me, sweet aunt?"

"You wouldn't be marrying the family," said Aunt Jane.

"I would not," Mrs. Merriwid asserted with emphasis. "Not while reason holds its sway and the tariff question remains unsolved, dearie. Not in a million years. But if I married Mr. Bludthick, I would; that's something that can't very well be side-stepped. I have heard sanguine young brides-to-be say they weren't marrying their husband's families ere this, and I have seen the pearly Pozzoni reasoning down their cheeks as they realized too late their fatal error. Take it from me that you might as well try to ignore an ulcerated tooth as a husband's family. There is really no such thing as severing relations; they decline to be severed and they won't be pleasant."

"Mrs. Bludthick seemed to be quite pleasant," observed Aunt Jane.

"She gave me the gloomy eye nevertheless, and I could detect the outlines of a hammer in her skirt pocket," said Mrs. Merriwid. "I understand from her devoted son that she's a Colonial Dame. If she isn't a colonial knocker, I'm no judge of antiques. Her nose is the feature I object to particularly though. I could see little fragments of other people's business sticking to it quite plainly where she had forgotten to wipe it off. If I ever expected another visit, I'd put my private affairs in a bottle

of strong spirits of ammonia and leave it where it was handy for her to sniff."

"Don't you like his sister?" inquired Aunt Jane.

"I might learn to like her, but I wouldn't want to take up the study until I had made myself a mistress of German and the higher mathematics," replied Mrs. Merriwid. "She would say, 'Do not you like?' by the way, aunt, dear. That little habit she has of raising her eyebrows and cooing, 'Yes-s-s' fills me with emotions too profound for words. Bricks-s-s are the only things that would be at all adequate. No, sister didn't make a hit with me. The sample cousin—well, you saw the hat she was wearing."

"Of course it wasn't exactly the hat I should choose," Aunt Jane conceded.

"Very well, then," said Mrs. Merriwid. "What boots it to bandy words, as Mr. Ruskin remarks? There are the ginksees who would consider themselves privileged to greet me with a clammy kiss and give me advice and criticize my gowns and ask me what I pay my dressmaker and follow me into the kitchen and borrow my trunks for a month's vacation and tell me what my husband likes and dislikes and direct my attention to my increasing stoutness and call me Melissa."

Mrs. Merriwid got all this off in one breath. "Married to them!" she exclaimed. "Of course I would be, and worse. Nay, dear, a man may speak with the tongue of an angel and make love like John Drew in his palm-leaf days; he may be liberal, considerate and unselfish and thoroughly domesticated, but if there is an Uncle John with nothing between the neck band of his shirt and his whiskers who is to be considered on visiting terms and entitled to a seat in the chimney corner where he can spit on the willies, I beg to be excused. Uncle John, figuratively speaking, has done more for the leading industry of Reno than any other factor. They ought to

erect a statue of him in the market place opposite the courthouse."

Mrs. Merriwid turned to the piano again, and sang:

"He's a perfect gent, but when I get tied up for life I'll pick

An orphan."

"It isn't an orphan asylum I'd send you to, Melissa," remarked Mrs. Merriwid's maternal maiden Aunt Jane.

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What Colors the Blood.

The color of blood is due chiefly to iron in the little blood cells. When the iron is kept in these little blood cells, which are living and traveling around in the blood vessels, the color is red. Hit the skin hard enough to break some of the little blood vessels beneath the surface and the little red cells escape from the injured blood vessels, wander about for awhile in the tissues and die. When they die the iron that made them red before then changes to black and blue color.

After awhile this iron is taken up by the glands called the lymphatics, and made over again into nice red cells. The iron is taken up much more quickly by the lymphatics if the black and blue spot is rubbed and massaged.—St. Nicholas.

Wrong Way.

Miss Inez Milholland, the beautiful and aristocratic suffragette, detests the male flirt.

At a luncheon in Newport a male flirt sneered at woman suffrage.

"Woman doesn't want a vote—she wants a husband," he said.

"Nonsense!" said Miss Milholland. "It's a fact," the flirt continued.

"The way the average woman worships man is amazing. Why, I myself have turned about fifty women's heads."

"Away from you!" said Miss Milholland.